To Thomazine

"The Maid, whose eyes of laughing light,
Twinkle in momentary night."

I love the brightly beaming eye,
That nectar of good human nature;
That peeps beneath its dark lash sky,
And bursting forth then boldly laughs.

This Phebus, when behind a cloud,
His brightness but reserves awhile,
And, breaking from his sable shroud,
Salutes the world with radiant smile.

And when he flings his beam on earth,
Such airy spirits ride each ray;—
Such gentle love, such sparkling mirth,—
As from Life's wing shakes care away.

The smiles through thy long lashes break,
And spread their rosy wings to fly;
As fairies with the pale moon wake,
And scatter light along the sky.

They dance along the laughing air,
Now flow as soft as Evening breeze;
Of Sylphs and Cupids they're the care,
And wile and wanton as they please!

B. Given to me 9th July
Saturday Maria here